

## SPECIAL AGENCY OF A LADY.

The Linked-in Stories Told by  
the Hotel Clerk, Lady Detective,  
the Robber, and the Lover.

BY ELIZABETH RAYMOND.

### CHAPTER III.

THE LADY DETECTIVE CONTINUES HER  
STORY.

"Jane! Jane! how could you do this; what do you mean?" she cried.

"I mean business," I answered. "I mean, Miss Amelia, to tell you a story. I do not intend to point the moral."

"Stop, Jane, stop you go too far. Your mother would be bitterly broken-hearted if she saw you in the place you now fill—a spy, a moucheur, a cheap detective, a thing—an office which makes men contemptible when they fill it, and it occupied by a woman—why, it makes every other infamy respectable which she can commit. And you, a nicely-bred girl, to unsex yourself to become a detective—bah!"

"Parole me, Mrs. Wright. Whatever you may say of my profession, you can't say, when you know the facts, anything about my kindness and good will for you. I told you that I had made you suffer one indignity in order to save you from one worse. I want you to come with me now, in a carriage, home to your people. I know where your husband is, and I know, too, that you are here to get certain boxes to be left at the hotel to-morrow. In that your maid is his agent."

"Why, yes; that is so. How do you know it? But my maid is not—What do you mean? You talk like a detective in stories—that is to say, in riddles, whose meaning you do not know and can not guess."

She arose and walked the room with a quick, sharp step, her face troubled and puzzled. Then, as she passed the electrical bell, she put her hand out and pressed the button before I could detain her. I heard the sharp, clear clang of the bell downstairs, and the night clerk's bell struck and his voice, "Front, number 6; wake up," and the shuffling of sleepy feet along the marble floor.

"Well, Mrs. Wright," I said, "you seem determined to make a scandal. You forget I have a warrant for your arrest, and you are under arrest. The warrant is endorsed by the Superintendent of Police—see it! and every policeman is bound to add its effective service. If you are inclined to be unreasonable, I will have you taken to headquarters in a patrol wagon; I prefer to take you in a carriage. You are charged with burglary in your father's house, from whence you took the articles named in this schedule. It's a matter of 10 years' imprisonment."

At this moment the rattle of ice in a pitcher was heard in the hall, and the bell boy knocked. I turned the key and threw open the door, standing behind it. Amelia stepped forward and took the pitcher.

"Thank you," she said; "that is what we wished."

"Anything further?" said the bell-boy.

"Nothing, thank you," she answered, smiling, and closed the door. Then she dropped on the floor, hid her face in the sofa cushions, and broke into a flood of tears.

HISTORY OF MR. WRIGHT.

When I came into the case I naturally turned to the history of Mr. Wright. His condition was so desperate in Europe—his drafts were held, fought over, and paid when a little letter came to father and mother his credits in other places took the same affectionate path to them. But, notwithstanding, he was much liked. His banker called him Bob, his restaurant always Mr. Robert, or Mr. Wright, and he paid his bills, or did not, and he smiled and held his own troubles within him, and he sat with a laughing face against the wall, and women lifted their eyes to his, and he laughed, too, until the wrong woman raised her eyes towards his.

I do not mind drifting off of my story just to speak of these things, for the strange relations of men and women are the unsolvable problems of life. Even detectives do not know what they are. Bringing to the study of the question a woman's observation, as I have done, I do not know anything about it.

Given a situation, I can say, if men are concerned, I can guess nearly accurately what men will do, but I can not say in any given case what a woman will do, nor when she has done it can I give a reason why. I fancy that my duty as a woman detective should be to understand things like these, to weigh impulses, and understand their origin—to be able to say this woman is a good woman for this reason or a bad woman for that cause, but I am not able to do so.

A woman falls in love and becomes an emotional incomprehensibility. She professes to be in love, and is at once a moral irresponsible. Now, I fell in love with Charlie. He is a stupid, vain, honest, foolish fellow, and if I could have contented for a man's brains, I should despise him and laugh at him. But I do not.

He is so good, so foolish and simple, so persistently honest and idiotic that I turn to him with a faith in his manliness. That is something he will find out some day, and shift the firm of Jane Barnsworthy, Special Agent, into his own, and I will be

employed by him. That would be funny, wouldn't it? Here I have built up a business of several thousands a year profit, and he has only to raise his little finger in suggestion, and I will break my neck to find out what it means or to try to do what such a trifling notice implies. Maybe I am in love. Why, if being willing to wash his feet, to hold his head on my shoulder all night and day, to button his boots and tie his spurs are evidences of that, I am in fact.

mental Hotel still maintained its high reputation. On being told that it did, said, should there be an answer, it should be sent there. He then returned by way of Germantown Junction to New York, and went to a gambling house on 25th street, where he remained all night being shadowed by one of my operatives. I went myself to the warehouse and learned with some difficulty that certain articles stored there on the night of the 18th were to be delivered at Continental Hotel in morning, but I could not learn to whom they were to go or what they were. Distrusting the chances of recognizing Mrs. Wright, and apprehending

and Bibbs. He is now a practicing physician in Providence, and Surgeon in the Farquhar Association of Naval Veterans. Daniel Hurley, Hovey's Zouaves, 31st M. V. M., 6th M. V. M. Cav., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

C. H. Newton, First Lieutenant, Co. E, 4th Vt., Harwood, N. D. Comrade Newton is a retired farmer.

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M. E. Beard, 1st N. H. A., Manchester, N. H.

A. G. Barnes, Co. A, 16th Vt., and R. Pratt, Co. F, 12th Vt., Randolph, Vt. They were accompanied by Mesdames Pratt, Foster, and Howard, all of Randolph, Vt.

S. M. Tyrrel, Co. G, 5th N. H., 255 Third-street, Chicago, Ill. Comrade Tyrrel is a manufacturer of choice cigars.

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James Hitchcock, 6th Ind. Cav., Mt. Vernon, Ill. Comrade Hitchcock is a photographer.

Premium on Gold.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: What was the various amounts of premium on \$1 in gold to \$1 in paper during the war of '61-5, and at what dates did that premium increase and decrease?—ENOCH COLTON, Adams Center, N. Y.

[There are two ways of answering the comrade's inquiry. One is to give the gold value of a dollar in greenbacks at various times, and the other is to give the greenback value of \$100 in gold. The tables below show both:]

1. GOLD VALUE OF A GREENBACK.

Periods. 1862. 1863. 1864. 1865.

Jan. .... 97.6 68.9 64.3 46.3

Feb. .... 96.6 62.3 63.1 48.7

Mar. .... 98.2 64.7 61.4 57.5

April. .... 98.5 66.0 57.9 67.3

May. .... 96.8 67.2 56.7 73.7

June. .... 93.9 62.3 47.5 71.4

July. .... 98.7 68.6 38.7 70.4

Aug. .... 87.3 79.5 39.4 69.7

Sept. .... 84.4 74.5 49.9 69.5

Oct. .... 77.8 67.7 48.3 68.7

Nov. .... 76.3 67.6 42.8 68.9

Dec. .... 75.6 66.2 44.0 68.4

Average of year. .... 88.3 68.9 49.2 63.6

2. VALUE IN GREENBACKS OF \$100 IN GOLD.

Periods. 1862. 1863. 1864. 1865.

Jan. .... 102.5 145.1 165.3 216.2

Feb. .... 103.5 160.5 158.6 205.5

Mar. .... 101.8 154.5 162.9 173.8

April. .... 101.5 151.5 172.7 148.5

May. .... 103.3 148.9 176.3 155.6

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July. .... 119.5 139.6 258.1 142.1

Aug. .... 114.5 125.8 254.1 143.5

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—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

## A HERO AND HIS HATCHET.

A Story of a Gallant Vermont's Exploit at Gettysburg.

The Monument Committee of the 13th Vt. has had a lively session with the Commissioners of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg over a simple camp hatchet. The Vermont veterans were determined that a hatchet should be held in the right hand of Capt. Stephen F. Brown, whose statue surmounts the new monument to the 13th on the battlefield, and the Cemetery Commissioners were so averse to the idea that J. H. Walling, of the Park Row Building, the builder of the monument, has been kept in hot water for six months. The condition resulted in a compromise. The hatchet is a part of the statue, but it rests on the ground near the Captain's right foot.

Just before the battle the 13th Vt. under a forced march of six days, in order to rejoin its brigade, from which it had been detached. Upon its arrival on the field—hot, blown, and handsomely thirsty—Capt. Brown's command came up to a well, at which was an armed guard.

"You can't get water here," said the guard. "Gainst orders."

Comrade Brown ordered said Capt. Brown, and then, with all the contents of the men, and with only one man to help him, he thrust the guard aside and filled the canteens. His arrest followed, and he was deprived of his sword.

The history-making battle began with Capt. Brown a prisoner. He begged for permission to rejoin his company, and was allowed to go. His men were far away in the front, and he had no weapons. He picked up a camp hatchet and ran all the way to the firing line, rushed into the fray, and, singling out a Confederate officer, 50 yards away, penetrated the Confederate ranks, collared the officer, wrestling from him his sword and pistol, after which he dropped his hatchet, while his men cheered him amid the storm of bullets and smoke.

Other Survivors of the 7th Pa. Cav.

Since the publication in a recent issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of a roster of survivors of the 7th Pa. Cav., letters have been received from the following, whose names did not appear in the original list:

Albert T. Jones, Co. A, Hazleton, Pa. Comrade Jones was enrolled in 1864.

Seely J. Farr, Corporal, Co. B, Breeseport, N. Comrade Farr enlisted Sept. 19, 1861, for three years.

Ellis Shaner, Co. D, Andale, Kan. Comrade Shaner enlisted Feb. 17, 1865, when, 15 years and 17 days old.

Josiah S. Dick, Co. M, Canby, Ore. Ashforby H. Wintermute, Co. C, Hammond, Ind.

J. W. Rowland, Co. I, Lewisville, Wash. J. D. Flick, Co. D, Vancouver, Wash.

George Seesholtz, Co. I, 312 South Twelfth street, Saginaw, Mich.

John H. Salsman, Co. K, Norwich, N. Y. Comrade Salsman enlisted in March, 1863.

Samuel Dickson, Co. G, Ashland, Del. Eben Dickson, Co. G, Ottumwa, Iowa.

John Dunlap, Co. G, Coatesville, Pa. Evan Dunlap, Co. G, Soldiers' Home, Va.

T. C. Kinsy, Co. G, Soldiers' Home, Va.

A Joyful Wife.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I received promptly on time my premium, the silver service—teapot, sugar bowl, spoon-holder, and cream pitcher, for which accept my thanks. You ought to have seen the joyful look on my wife's face when I opened them out to her view. She up and clapped her hands, and exclaimed: "Larry! How beautiful and nice, and all for nothing, too!"

Thank God that H. Clay Evans can not stop, reduce, or delay the handsome premiums of the blessed NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

—LAURENCE DAVENPORT, 81st Pa., Fort Smith, Ark.

Survivors of the 16th U. S.

All survivors of the 16th U. S. are urgently requested to send their names and addresses to Comrade Peter Berg, Co. A, 2d battalion, 16th U. S., Lieutenant of Police, 756 Garfield avenue, Cincinnati, O.

## AGREAT OFFER.

To every one who sends \$1 for a year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, between now and Sept. 30, we will send THE FEATHER for one year FREE.

Constantly on the alert for good things to offer to our subscribers, we have made an exclusive arrangement good for a limited period with the publishers of THE FEATHER, the best and most interesting of all the poultry journals. By this arrangement we can give THE FEATHER for a whole year to every one of our subscribers who renews and to each one who is a new subscriber who asks for it when he sends in his dollar, provided, of course, he chooses no other book or publication. Remember, this splendid illustrated Monthly without extra cost!

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The best writers and authorities are engaged for the coming season to contribute to its columns, and, beginning with the August issue, several new departments will be established. The principal articles in each number, departments and regularly maintained which are of the greatest interest.

THE FEATHER is edited by George E. Howard, the well-known expert.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES of Eminent Painters Ary Scheffer, By Elbert Hubbard. Published by Putnam Bros., New York.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls has written for THE Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, two valuable papers upon the later career of President Garfield. These articles, written by a man who knew Mr. Garfield in his youth, and afterward saw at close range his public acts, constitute what is perhaps the most dispassionate and judicial estimate of the man ever made.

BATTLES, ACTIONS, AND SKIRMISHES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Theo. D. Strickler, Philadelphia, Pa. Published by the author.

This is a most excellent compendium of all the engagements, greater and minor, of the rebellion, with their dates.

Survivors of the 16th U. S.

All survivors of the 16th U. S. are urgently requested to send their names and addresses to Comrade Peter Berg, Co. A, 2d battalion, 16th U. S., Lieutenant of Police, 756 Garfield avenue, Cincinnati, O.



"FREDERICK CRAWFORD WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM."

I would rather hear him snore than to listen to Damrosch's orchestra, because it has more music in it for me. I would rather brush his coat than be fitted myself by Bodier, and if he does not take his coffee and rolls, which I bring to his bedside every morning, my sorrow is as profound as it could be over the death of any other person in this world. Of course, I love Charlie. He is such a dear, lovable old absurdity—so strong where he is weak, so wise where he is foolish, so certain where he is wrong, so resolute where he has no support, so vain where he has no reason, so proud of trifles, so good to me, that when he puts his big arms over my shoulders and kisses my hair and calls me "little one," my heart just goes nowhere, and I am happy.

These fancies of mine led to my troubles in the Crawford case. I took Mrs. Wright in a carriage to her home in Overbrook. I took her as a prisoner, and at my own risk. I gave her to her father's charge; I showed him the warrant, and asked him if he would take care of his daughter. I can see his face and hear his voice as he said:

"Why, yes; this is my child," and he folded his arms about her and his gray beard fell over her face.

I turned down the walk to the gate where the cab waited for me, and drove home. But before I laid down I wrote the précis of the Crawford case.

Aug. 21.—Called in Crawford robbery case. Knew Mr. Wright was in trouble. Sent a cable to London, and learned that he had sailed with his wife and maid for New York on North German steamer Saale on Aug. 8. My correspondent added letter by fast steamer. Nothing to do except wait.

Aug. 28.—My agent's letter arrived. Told me that maid was a suspicious character, and had been in service of Prof. Herroty, the Egyptologist, as Secretary, and had written for magazines certain articles in which she had attacked his conclusions upon the hieroglyphs on the Memphis stone, and said that the Professor had never gone farther towards Memphis than the Howland Museum in Cairo. It was a matter of literary blackmail, until, as a fact. The Professor dismissed her, and she came to Monte Carlo, where she reached London. Life. But being broke at the tables, she took service chiefly with gambling people; always gave "tips" as to winning numbers, and naturally and over which she howled in grief and wildly-speculative spirit, like her own, when they kindred. When they had exhausted the opportunities of the tables, they traveled homeward as best they could.

The conditions of Mrs. Wright may be better imagined than defined. She had one child whose grave was made at Cannes, and over which she howled in grief and arose with the seriousness that comes to women who bury their fondest hopes. It was in vain that she opened the door of her hungry heart to her husband. He was tired of her, and the allurements of beauty whose possession was so certainly his no longer appealed to his eye or mind. Like every gambler, he was selfish, hard, cruel and blind, but his wife found no sacrifice too great to make for him. They managed to reach London, and by what means they crossed the Atlantic can be guessed. Jewelry in pawn and borrowed money furnished them with means, and Wright gambled in the smoking room on the voyage and over which she howled in grief and arose with the seriousness that comes to women who bury their fondest hopes. It was in vain that she opened the door of her hungry heart to her husband. He was tired of her, and the allurements of beauty whose possession was so certainly his no longer appealed to his eye or mind. Like every gambler, he was selfish, hard, cruel and blind, but his wife found no sacrifice too great to make for him. They managed to reach London, and by what means they crossed the Atlantic can be guessed. Jewelry in pawn and borrowed money furnished them with means, and Wright gambled in the smoking room on the voyage and over which she howled in grief and arose with the seriousness that comes to women who bury their fondest hopes. It was in vain that she opened the door of her hungry heart to her husband. He was tired of her, and the allurements of beauty whose possession was so certainly his no longer appealed to his eye or mind. Like every